

Mr Charlesworth

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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FOR HIS SAKE.

WHEN the Flying Scud discharged her cargo and passengers at the London dock, there landed among them a gentleman who had been absent from England nine years. All that while he had passed under the burning suns of India. He had suffered as soldiers do. He had fought as soldiers fight. He had met the soldier's fate of scars and wounds, and one of them had inviolated him home to England.

It was the first time he had trod her shores for nine years, as we have said, and for the first time in any year he was going to see his son, the little boy born after he left home, and whose birth had been his mother's death.

Captain Penryn had only been married a year when he was ordered abroad with his regiment. Six months from that day a letter reached him, telling him his wife was dead. The letter was written by an old nurse, the only friend who had been with her. It ended thus:—

"The baby, as fine a child as I ever saw, is thriving. I've done my best for it. It's mother's last wish was I should keep it, and perhaps, sir, as some one must, you'd as leave I as any other. I shan't be unreasonable in my charges, and I'm very fond of him already.

"With my duty to you in this dreadful trouble, "Your servant,

"ANN GOLDEN."

The poor broken-hearted man almost sank under the awful news. He had loved his wife passionately, and when the baby was old enough to travel, she would have come to him in India, leaving its terrible climate and the life of a soldier's wife abroad, because they could not live apart. Now he did not want a little baby on his hands, and he

wrote to Ann as soon as he could command himself to do so, appointing her his nurse.

Every quarter since that time, he had sent money to her for the child's board and clothes. A receipt was always returned with "her duty, and the young gentleman was doing well," and this was all he knew of his Ellen's boy—the child of a love that had been as strong as it was tender.

Now that his foot was upon England's shores again, and the meeting was very near, Captain Penryn felt new thrills of a father-love through his soldier's heart, and longed for his boy's presence.

"He would take him to himself," he said. "They would live together, sharing each other's joys and sorrows. He would make a man of the boy—not a soldier, for he knew the trials of a soldier's life too well; but something very honourable and creditable. He should be proud of him, and he hoped—ah, how he hoped!—that Ellen's child would have Ellen's face."

"My beautiful girl," he said to himself, with the tears standing in his eyes, "how little I thought of this hour when I kissed her good-bye!"

And then his heart grew even warmer to the pledge of their mutual love.

He had the address that Mrs. Golden had given him in his pocket. He glanced at it now to refresh his memory as to the number. A plain, respectable street in one of London's suburbs; he remembered it well.

"But my boy shall see better things, now that I am here," he said to himself. "I am not rich, but I can deny myself many things to make him happy. Will he love me, I wonder?"

Then he thought how his own heart

had been won by toys and sweetmeats, and coming to a shop where the former were sold, paused before the gay window, and began to make a mental choice between a red and gilt stage coach and horses and a train of bright blue carriages. He had discarded both for a box of scarlet-coated soldiers, suddenly he felt a tug at his coat-tail, and turning round, he found a grimy little hand half in, half out of his pocket. He caught it at once, with his handkerchief in it, and gripped it tight.

He was a soldier, and to a soldier the keeping of law and rule is a great thing, to give the little thief to a policeman and appear against him the next day, was his first thought; but as the creature stood there, shaking and whining, the fact of his diminutive size struck the captain forcibly. He perceived his youth, which was extreme, and he saw that, besides being young, and small, and wan, and dirty, and ragged, he was deformed. His queer little shoulders were heaped up to his ears, and his hands were like talons, so long and bony were they. The captain held the wrist of this mannikin firmly still, but not angrily.

"What did you mean by that, sir?" he growled slowly, stooping down to look into the boy's eyes.

"I'm to hook it," said the boy with perfect candour. "Oh, please let me be! Oh, please let me go! Oh, please, sir, I won't do it no more—never, oh, please!"

"I've a mind to have you sent to jail," said the captain.

"No, please, sir!" said the waif. "Please sir!"

"Who taught you to steal?" asked the captain.

The boy made no answer. Grimy tears were pouring from his eyes.

"Answer me," said the captain.

"If I don't steal, I don't get no victuals," said the boy, "and my stomach is as holler—feel it, mister!—it's as holler as a drum! She's been beggin' to-day, and we'll have stew. I won't have none if I don't fetch nothin'. Oh—"

"Who is she?" asked the captain.

"My mother," said the boy.

"I've been hungry myself," said the

captain, thinking of a certain Indian prison experience. "It isn't pleasant."

Then he thought of his own boy.

"God knows I ought to be tender to the little one, for the sake of Nellie's child," he said softly; then aloud—

"Laddie, I'll not send you to prison."

"Thanke, sir," said the urchin.

"And I'll give you a breakfast," said the captain.

The dirty elf executed a sort of joyous war dance.

"Do you know why I forgive you?" said the captain.

The child shook its head.

"I have a little boy," said the captain. "He's very different from you, poor child! He would not steal anything. He washes himself. My lad, you must wash yourself as soon as you find water. But I couldn't think of his being hungry, and for his sake I can't bear to see other little fellows hungry. It's for his sake that I don't call a constable and tell him all about it. Remember that, and try to be like—like my little fellow, poor laddie, clean and good. Don't steal; try to get work. Will you promise?"

The waif said, "Yes, sir," as a matter of course.

Then the captain led him into a cheap eating-house, and watched him eat until his little stomach was no longer "holler."

"You little wretch," he thought, as he looked at him. "If I could see my boy and him together now, what a contrast."

And he fancied his boy round, and white, and pink, and fair of hair, like his poor, lost Ellen, and I know he said that he would pity this poor fellow and be kind to him.

The meal was over. The captain paid for it, and then drew the boy between his knees and lectured him. To be good was to be happy. Honesty was the best policy. Cleanliness came next to godliness. These were the heads of his discourse.

Then he gave him half-a-crown, and bade him go and be good and clean.

And the boy was off like a flash.

"Thousands just such as he is in this great city," sighed the good captain, and he walked along. "Ah, me!"

Then he went in search of Mrs. Ann Golden and his own fair darling.

But Mrs. Golden was not so easily found as he had hoped. There was a little shop in the house he had been directed to, and the keeper thereof said that she had bought it of Ann Golden. "But I haven't seen her since," she said; "only there's a bit of card with a number on it—that is, if I can find it."

After a search she did find it, and the captain, thanking her, hurried away; but another disappointment awaited him.

Mrs. Golden had not lived in this second place for years, she had moved to Clumber-row, but what number no one could remember.

At Clumber-row, whither the captain drove in a cab, a woman owned to having had her for a lodger.

"She had a child staying with her, Ned," she said. "Little Ned she called him; but, to tell the truth, she drank so that I turned her out. I couldn't abide such doings. She went to Fossil-lane, No. 9."

To Fossil-lane the captain went. It was a filthy place, and there was a drunken woman at No. 9, who was not Ann Golden, and who threw a piece of wood at him for asking for that lady. And now every clue was lost, and the captain, nearly beside himself with anxiety, applied to the authorities for help; and after many days of unhappiness he heard of Ann Golden, who lived in a quarter of London so low and dangerous that all decent people shunned it.

"No wonder," the captain thought, "if she lived there, that she should have had his remittances sent to the post-office, and left him to believe that his child was still in the decent home to which she had at first taken him."

Almost ill with excitement, the poor captain drove, with a policeman as protector, into the maze of hideous lanes and courts that led to Ann Golden's dwelling, and, following his conductor, dropped into a filthy cellar, where, amid the horrible leakage of drain pipes and almost in utter darkness, sat an old woman with a bottle beside her, who started up when the captain and his

guard entered, and cried: "What now? What's the perlice here for? Is the boys wanted again?"

And, altered as she was with years and drink, the captain knew his wife's old nurse, Ann Golden. He gave a cry of rage, and darted towards her.

"My boy?" he cried.

And she screamed, "It's the captain!"

"Is my boy living?" he asked.

"Yes," said the woman, shaking all over; "he's alive and well."

"How dare you keep him here?"

"How can I help being poor?" whined the woman. "I couldn't give up the bit you pay for him. I'm very old; I'm very ill. Don't be hard on me."

"Good heavens!" cried the captain.

"My Ellen's baby in a place like this!"

He dropped his head on his hands; then he lifted it and clasped them.

"I'll have him away from here now!" he gasped. "It's over, and he's young and will forget. Where is he? Have you lied? Is he dead?"

"No, no," said the old woman.

"He'll be here soon. I hear him now. That's him. He'll be here in a minute. Don't kill a poor body, captain, don't."

"I could do it," cried the captain.

"Listen! There is some one coming. My child! My child!"

The door opened softly, a head peeped in low down, then drew back.

"Come in," piped the old woman.

"The perlice arn't arter you—least-ways for harm. Captain, that's him—your boy Ned."

And as the captain stood with outstretched arms there crept in at the door—who?—what? The wan, deformed and dirty creature who had picked his pocket—whom he had fed for the sake of his beautiful dream-child—the wretched waif, forgotten utterly in the last few days of anxiety.

"That's him," croaked the old crone again. "That's your boy—that's Ned."

The captain gave a cry; he sank down on an old box close at hand, hid his face, and wept. The sobs shook him terribly; they frightened the old woman, and set the policeman to rubbing his eyes with his cuffs. The boy stood and stared for a moment, and then vanished.

And what was the wretched father thinking? So many thoughts that there are no words for them; but first of all this horrible one—that that vile little object, that wretched child of the streets, was the darling for whom he had searched so long.

“Better I had never found him,” moaned the captain, “or found him dead!”

And just then a little hand crept over his knee. The thrill of hair was against his hand, and a piping voice said meekly:—

“Please, I’m clean now. I’ve washed myself.”

The captain’s swollen eyes unclosed. They turned upon the child.

Some queer knowledge of his father’s feelings had crept into his mind, and he had tried to clean his face. A round white spot appeared amidst the grime, and out of it shone two beautiful blue eyes, that looked wistfully up into the captain’s.

All of a sudden, a flood of such pitiful tenderness as he had never felt before swept over Captain Penryn’s heart. All the grief, and shame, and wounded pride left it, to come back no more.

“Ellen’s eyes,” he sobbed; “Ellen’s boy!” and took his son to his heart. “For his sake,” he said, softly, as though he stood by the grave of the beautiful dream-child he had just buried—“for his sake and Ellen’s!”

And then he led the child away with him.

HELP THE MOTHER.

It is too common an opinion in families that the mother can endure almost anything but recreation. It is so easy to fall into the habit of expecting her to be at home at all times and seasons to make it comfortable there, and keep the domestic machinery running smoothly, that if she is disposed to yield to slight objections or obstacles to her going out, insensibly, the whole household get to thinking that there are an abundance of reasons why she cannot go; and if the multitude of little cares, that divided make light work for each, are from habit left to her, because she is a fixture, she will always be too tired to take the necessary

steps to prepare to go away from home after her tasks are done. Those who are too thoughtless, too indolent, or too selfish to take upon themselves a share of the duties that belong to no one in particular, or result from the negligence of all combined, and can be shifted to another, soon cease to have much expected of them, and get through the world with about as much credit as those whose ready hands and willing feet are always over-tasked, for these “ye have always with you,” both those who cannot and those who will not wait on themselves or help anybody else.

It is of little use to say, if the mother is overworked, that in the beginning the fault was her own, that she should have asserted her right to a due proportion of leisure and freedom, that both her health and happiness demanded it.

Of course there was somewhere an insensible encroachment upon her personal privileges, but it is always the case that the naturally energetic and peacefully disposed will gradually yield to those of opposite proclivities rather than live in disorder, and contend for rights that should be proffered instead of begged. Many of the prematurely broken-down and faded women who fall into early graves, can be readily accounted for without impious reference to a mysterious providence, by their close confinement to a wearing round of indoor tasks, unrelieved by sufficient rest or change.

It is physically impossible to preserve vigour of body or cheerfulness of mind and work so continuously as many wives and mothers do. Somebody around her should see how she is being killed by over-exertion, and give her the help and the repose she needs before it is too late. There are many faithful daughters, helpful sons, and watchful husbands to whom these suggestions do not apply, who do everything possible to relieve the household and maternal cares of the wife and mother.

Many more were never taught or failed to learn to save work by neat and orderly habits about the house and in their rooms; and others still are not hard of heart or selfish in disposition, only thoughtless in these things.

SONGS OF THE SOUL.

W. S. RALPH.

Oh! the wonderful songs that never are sung
 With words for an outward token;
 But go singing themselves for aye in the soul
 In language that never is spoken,
 Songs that are sweeter than poets e'er penned;
 All their power and beauty excelling;
 With a melody purer and tenderer far
 Than the notes that their numbers are swelling.

Songs every true lover sings to his love,
 Born of his deep hidden feeling;
 Such as sing themselves low in the pure maiden's breast,

For fear of an outward revealing.
 Songs that the mother heart sings to the babe

In peace on her bosom reclining;
 That gives spirit voice to her hopes and her fears,
 Tender beyond all defining.

Wild, thrilling songs, that awake every chord

When the soul is exultant with gladness;
 That sigh through its chambers like voices of night

When they utter its burdens and sadness;

That breathe through the spirit with soft whispering notes,

Like winds over June roses sighing,
 When passion is stilled and peace reigns within,

And the heart hushed and tranquil is lying.

Songs that resound through the patriot's soul,

His spirit with firm valour firing;
 That wake in the bosom of saint and of sage,

To the good and the noble inspiring.
 Songs that breathe fervently thanks unto Him

Of good, the wise, loving giver,
 And a faith in his love that looks upward for aye,

Trusting his guidance forever.
 Such songs are sung through all the wide world,

And never once known are the singers;
 But their music is echoed from heart unto heart,

And its sweetness and power ever lingers;
 And but for the singing of such voiceless songs,

In souls filled with hoping and longing,
 Oh! dreary indeed would be the dark road
 Earth's children are hurriedly thronging.

For many the poets whose numbers are formed

In the unwritten language of spirit,
 While few are the ones who in words the lips frame

The power to express them inherit;
 And rare is the voice that is perfectly tuned

When words are the outward token,
 But never a soul but can sweet music make

In the language that never is spoken.

A POOR GIRL'S HAIR.

A YOUNG and poorly-clad girl entered a barber's shop in Vienna, and told the proprietor that he must "buy her head." The friseur examined her long, glossy chestnut locks, and began to bargain. He could give eight florins, and no more. Hair was plentiful this year, the price had fallen, there was less demand, and other pirases of the kind. The little maiden's eyes filled with tears, and she hesitated a moment while threading her fingers through her chestnut locks; she finally threw herself in a chair, and said:—

"Then take it quickly."

The barber, satisfied with his bargain, was about to clinch it with his shears, when a gentleman, who sat half shaved, looking up, told him to stop.

"My child," said he, "why do you sell your beautiful hair?"

"My mother has been nearly five months ill. I cannot work enough to support us; everything has been sold or pawned, and there is not a penny in the house."

"No, no, my child; if that is the case I will buy your hair, and give you one hundred florins for it."

He gave the poor girl the note, the sight of which dried her tears, and he took up the barber's shears. Taking the locks in his hand he took the longest hair, cut it off, and put it carefully in his pocket-book, thus paying one hundred florins for a single hair. He took the poor girl's address, in case he should want to buy another at the same rate. He is only designated as the chief of a great industrial enterprise within the city.

THINK of the ills from which you are exempt.

RETRIBUTION.

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit, shall of the spirit reap life everlasting. And let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.—*Paul (1st century).*

They have sown the wind,
And they shall reap the whirlwind.
Sow to yourselves in righteousness,
And ye shall reap according to your piety.
Ye plough wickedness, ye shall reap iniquity,
Ye shall eat the fruit of falsehood.

—*Hosea (Hebrew, 8th century, B.C.).*

Say ye of the righteous that it shall be well with him; for he shall eat of the fruit of his doings. Woe to the wicked, it shall be ill with him; for the work of his hands shall be repaid him.—*Isaiah (Hebrew 8th century B.C.).*

As surely as the pebble cast heavenward abides not there but returns to earth, so according to thy deed, good or ill, will thy heart's desire be meted out to thee in whatever form or world thou shalt enter.—*Buddha (6th century, B. C.).*

Not in the sky, not in the midst of the sea, not if one enters into the clefts of the mountains, is there known a spot in the whole world where a man might escape his evil deed.—*Dhammapada (Buddhist, 3rd century, B. C.).*

He who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own.—*Confucius (Chinese, 6th century, B. C.).*

The superior man thinks of virtue; the small man thinks of comfort. The superior man thinks of the sanctions of law; the small man of the favours which he may receive.—*Id.*

Let wickedness escape as it may at the law, it never fails of doing itself justice; for every guilty person is his own hangman.—*Seneca (Roman, 3-65 A. C.).*

Men may live amid many enmities, but will not escape the enmity and pursuit of their own sin. This shadow at their heels will not leave them, which means destruction.—*Cural (Hindu, 9th century, A. C.).*

In a region of bleak cold wandered a soul which had departed from the earth;

and there stood before him a hideous woman, profligate and deformed. "Who art thou?" he cried; "who art thou than whom no demon could be more foul and horrible?" To him she answered, "I am thy own actions."—*Arda Viraf (Persian, 14th century, A. C.).*

But in these cases

We still have judgment here; that we but teach

Bloody instructions, which being taught return

To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice

Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice

To our own lips.—*Shakespeare, 1564-1616.*

Riches pass away; flocks perish relations die; friends are mortal; you will die yourself; but I know one thing alone which is out of the reach of fate, and that is the judgment which is passed upon the dead.—*The Elder Edda (Old Norse poems first collected about 1100 A. C.).*

My lord Cardinal, there is one fact which you seem entirely to have forgotten. God is a sure paymaster. He may not pay at the end of every week, or month, or year; but I charge you, remember that he pays in the end.—*Anne of Austria (to Cardinal Richelieu, 17th century A. C.).*

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.—

John Fletcher, 1576-1625.

Curses like chickens come home to roost.—*Old English Proverb.*

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;

Though with patience He stands waiting,
with exactness grinds he all.—

Friedrich von Logau, 1604-1655.

(*Tr. by Longfellow.*)

We should consider this world as a great mart of commerce, where fortune exposes to our view various commodities—riches, ease, tranquillity, fame, integrity, knowledge. Everything is marked at a settled price. Our time, our labour, our ingenuity, is so much ready money we are to lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, choose, reject, but stand to your own judgment, and do not, like children, when you have purchased one thing, repine that you do not possess another which you did not purchase.—*Mrs. Barbauld, 1743-1825.—Unity.*

THE OPTIMIST AND PESSIMIST.

(Independent.)

Two boys went to hunt grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them.

Two men, being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said: "I am better to-day." The other said: "I was worse yesterday."

When it rains, one man says: "This will make mud." Another, "This will lay the dust."

Two boys got an oyster. One looked at it and declared it nasty. The other tasted it and declared it good.

Two boys examining a bush. One observed that it had a thorn. The other that it had a rose.

Two children looking through coloured glasses. One said: "The world is blue." And the other said: "It is bright."

Two boys eating their dinner, one said: "I would rather have something better than this." The other said: "This is better than nothing."

Two men went to see a city. One visited the saloons and thought the city wicked. The other visited the homes, and thought the city good.

Two boys looking at some skaters. One said: "See how they fall." The other: "See how they glide."

Two strangers to our world were offered refreshments. One took beer, and the other mead. The first said the world is bitter. The other that it is sweet.

A servant thinks a man's house is principally kitchen. A guest that it is principally parlour.

Two boys having a bee, one got honey and the other got stung. The first called it a honey-bee; and the other, a stinging-bee.

Two boys got each an apple. One was thankful for the apple. The other was dissatisfied because it was not two.

"I am glad that I live," says one man. "I am sorry I must die," says another.

"I am glad," says one, "that it is no worse." "I am sorry," says another, "that it is no better."

One man counts everything that he

has a gain. Another counts everything else that he conceives a loss.

One man spoils a good repast by thinking of a better repast of another. Another enjoys a poor repast by contrasting it with none at all.

Sitting down to the same table, one man can make his meal off pickles and another off sweetmeats.

In drinking lemonade, you may detect only the sweet or only the sour.

One man is thankful for his blessings. Another is morose for his misfortunes.

One man thinks he is entitled to a better world, and is dissatisfied because he hasn't got it. Another thinks he is not justly entitled to any, and is satisfied with this.

One man enjoys what he has. Another suffers what he has not.

One man makes up his account from his wants. Another from his assets.

One man complains that there is evil in the world. Another rejoices that there is good in the world.

"One says: 'Our good is mixed with evil.' Another says: 'Our evil is mixed with good.'"

CONDUCT NOT POLITE.

SEVENTEEN things in which young people render themselves impolite:

1. Boisterous laughter.
2. Whispering in meeting.
3. Reading in meeting.
4. Leaving meeting before its close.
5. Cutting finger-nails in company.
6. Gazing at strangers.
7. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
8. A want of reverence for superiors.
9. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
10. Receiving a present without some manifestation of gratitude.
11. Making one's self the topic of conversation.
12. Laughing at others' mistakes.
13. Joking others in company.
14. Correcting older persons, especially parents.
15. To begin talking before others are through.
16. Answering questions when put to others.
17. Beginning to eat as soon as one gets to the table.

THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE MASTODON.

THERE are wonders in the works of scientific authors which far outstrip in reality and in interest anything we read of in mere romance or novels. We shall never forget the reading of works on geology and astronomy, and the profound and lasting impression such books as Lyell's, Herschell's and others produced on our mind. How is it that the young are not led to study these volumes, filled with well-ascertained and startling facts concerning the history of the world and the immensity of the universe? Recently the subsoil of London revealed the fact that there was a time when the elephant, the hippopotamus, and the mastodon roamed about the spots that are now the busy places of commerce. Here is a picture for the imagination of man or child! And a writer says of that period when the mastodon made its first appearance, and first roamed through the forest, the world was far different from what it is now. It was at a time when old forms had become extinct, and a new order of existences had taken their place. It was pre-eminently the Age of Mammals, when creatures of this order not only flourished everywhere, but increased in size to their greatest development. The internal heat had to a great extent ceased to make itself felt on the surface, on account of the earth's crust increasing in thickness, in consequence of which changes in the climate gradually took place. The temperature, at the beginning of this period (Miocene), all over the world, was not unlike that of the tropics at the present time; but this change in the climate, after a series of ages, resulted in cold making itself felt not only at the poles, but also in regions near the temperate zones.

In this age of sylvan beauty the mastodon dates its birth. It was the middle period of the Age of Mammals, or the Tertiary. If a panorama could be presented before us representing this epoch, the grandeur, beauty, and curious forms would for the moment bewilder the eye, and were it possible for us to be transported to those scenes,

we would realise a world outrivalling all human conception. Language cannot picture it, nor mind conceive its beauty. From the relics left of that age, we can, in a measure, know something of the scenes and the epoch which gave the mastodon birth. The mind can picture to itself a scene which may have taken place. It can behold a man sitting on yonder rock against the mountain's side, viewing the landscape beneath him, and contemplating the scenery which greets his eyes. Nearly everything is new; it is a new world, in many respects, outwardly, it is our earthly dream of paradise; new plants, new flowers, curious trees, strange birds and beasts, as well as those whose forms are familiar, are here. To the left stretches out a beautiful lake, which receives the contents of the meandering streams as they flow from the mountain's side, the forest, or the rolling meadow beyond. Upon the banks of the lake and larger streams the slimy serpents lie basking in the sun, while the heavy crocodiles drag their unwieldy bodies along the miry shore, and the huge hippopotami and rhinoceroses push their way through the high marshy grass. In front is a beautiful forest, with trees rivalling those of other ages, some are radiant with flowers, others bending to the ground with their ripened fruit, while here and there stands a monarch towering above all. Low murmuring noises proceed from this enchanting scene which tell that animated forms are concealed within and beneath the superabundant foliage. Within the foliage may be heard the sweet notes of the feathered songster, and here and there they may be seen dressed in the richest and most variegated plumage. Suddenly the spectator's attention is drawn to a spot not far removed from the base of the mountain. Crashing through the forest comes the mightiest of all beasts, the Dinotherium, the colossus of the ancient world, with its elephantine trunk raised aloft, its jaws wide open, and with stupendous strides making every endeavour to secure protection beneath the water of the neighbouring river. It is hotly pursued by the Machairodus (an animal larger than

the tiger), which shortly overtakes it, and with its sword-like teeth cuts the flesh away, and soon the mighty monster of both land and sea falls a victim to the fierce, carnivorous creature. On the right, emerging from the cloud of dust, shuffling along, comes another beast, with long, white, curved, massive tusks, twelve feet in length, and from the under jaw proceeds another a foot in length. It looks like an elephant, and yet it is not; at full speed it moves along, and holding in its long black trunk a ponderous limb with its branches, it furiously beats its sides to brush away the great insects, as large as barn swallows, which sting and goad it into fury; still hastening on, it plunges into a stream, where it is released from its tormentors. This animal is the mastodon, and in the distance may be seen no less than ten species of him.

From the contemplation of this varied scenery, and the thoughts awakened by the struggles incident to the animal world, our spectator, still in his altitude of observation, is startled by deep rolling thunder in the distance, which gives notice of an approaching storm. Looking over the landscape again, he sees untold numbers of animals hastening from the woods and over the plains to the mountains beyond; a troop of mastodons come crashing through the woods, driven by fear and leaving destruction in their trail; a herd of wild horses are galloping over the meadows, the Sivatherium (a deer having the bulk of an elephant) breaks from the forest, and is soon lost to view; the strange and frightened actions of the dogs, lions, antelopes, oxen, &c., forebode the gathering of a terrific storm. No sooner has the last animal disappeared, than the deep, thick, impenetrable masses of clouds gather round. Tremblingly our spectator leaves the rock to seek protection in a neighbouring cave; at the cavern's entrance he pauses to look around, when there flashed a stream of light so vivid, so intensely bright, sundering the very heavens, as it were, and immediately followed by a peal of thunder that shook the very fastnesses of the mountain, and then the storm burst

forth in all its fury. One moment the country around was as black as ink, the next it was a sheet of living flame. Safely sheltered within the cavern the man we have been watching hears heaven's artillery belching forth one long continued roar of thunder, deafening his ears, and seemingly unsettling the very foundations of the earth, while the lightning's lurid glare penetrates the hidden recesses of the cave. Huge masses of rock, detached from their fastnesses by the lightning and the flood, roll down like an avalanche into the forest, cutting great thoroughfares as they move violently along. The storm at last having abated, there may now be seen great furrows filled with water; the rivers' banks flooded; trees of the forest broken, some upturned, and others carried to a long distance. Our spectator leaves his retreat, refuses to descend to the valley, and passing over the mountain, the world discloses another age almost rivalling the one just closed.

In an age such as this the mastodon began to exist; it flourished, and greatly multiplied in both number and species; but finally, like many others which preceded it, it too was forced to turn aside, lie down, and die, leaving its mementoes for man to read in later ages.

HOME LIFE.

MRS. SUSAN I. LESLEY.

THE POORER.

Lord of himself, though not of lands,
He having nothing, yet hath all.—

Sir Henry Wotton.

THE PROBLEM.—In all well-to-do families are the *poorer*, the *dependants*, the *servants*. How should you regard them?

CLASS PREJUDICES.—In the first place, never think of them as belonging to a *class*, and attribute to them the sentiments and views of a *class*, but think of them as *individuals*, with their special traits and characteristics, needing careful insight and study. It is as unjust and absurd to say or to think, "*Servants* always feel so or so, or think in this or that way," as it would be to say, "*Ladies* always do this or that," or "*Merchants* always look at such and such things from one point of view."

AS SERVANTS, carefully train them for their duties, not only for the family comfort, but also because in so doing you are fitting them for one of the most honourable and useful professions in life, and one by which their livings are secure. *Exact faithfulness of them in their duties.* But treat them with the same *consideration and sympathy* and Christian *politeness* which you show *all* your friends. As members of your family circle, their well-being and interests should be more sacred to you than those of outsiders. It is trying to see how many persons will find fault with a waiter, *in the presence* of a whole family, or a party of guests, for some slight dereliction, thus calling attention to it; or who make allusions to acts of carelessness or stupidity as if the servants had none of that sensitiveness which is common to all.

DUTIES TO THE POORER.—Try to lift them to all the improvement and enjoyment you can. Do not think that they can live *wholly* in their work, and *without amusements*. This is unnatural, especially in the young. But do what you can to refine their pleasures. Take them sometimes, or send them on *day excursions* to pleasant places, or let them now and then hear *good music*. Encourage them to read good, or instructive, or entertaining books. *Show an interest in them.* Study their *habits and tastes*. Lead them gently and kindly to habits of *forethought*, if they have them not. Induce them to save some portion of their wages to raise them above want hereafter.

LABOUR AND CAPITAL.—When rich and poor come into a closer common understanding of each other, through mutual services of love and friendliness, the sad questions which trouble us to-day will cease. The rich will make such use of their riches as to produce *the highest justice and the widest benefit*. The poor, growing wiser, will find out that all their troubles do not grow out of low wages, but from complicated laws of political economy for which the rich capitalist is not *wholly* responsible.

THE FAITHFUL SERVANT.—Consider the influence of such an one in a household. They *give far more than they receive*. Read the lives of noble servants.

AUNT NANCY'S HENS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"WHO is that old woman, grandpa? Seems to me she doesn't do anything but feed her chickens. Every time we've been by here she's been out with that same old dish in her hands, scattering crumbs or curd. She must think an awful sight of them."

"She does, Nelly; she thinks a much of them as your papa does of his bank stock or his government bonds—"

"How funny—he has to think a great deal of both of them, because he makes his living that way. Does she make her living tending fowls, grandpa?"

"She makes the best of her living that way, my child; she nourishes her heart that way, or rather with the proceeds of her care. She is a dear, good old woman, Aunt Nancy Benson, and to-morrow we'll call and see her; and if she happens to tell you *why* she cares so much for her fowls, your heart will ever after cherish her memory very tenderly."

The next morning as Mr. Wells and his little grand-daughter were riding out, he halted at the gate of old Mrs. Benson's house, saying cheerily, "Good morning, Aunt Nancy; busy with your feathered pets, as usual?"

"Good morning, Squire. Yes, I'm busy; they're a deal of care, but they pay well. Won't you 'light? I've got some late cherries that I think the little girl would relish. She is the image of her mother, and I hope she'll grow up as good. Your 'ma, dear, was a lovely young woman—"

"And she's a lovely middle-aged one," said Nelly, heartily, as she jumped from the carriage.

"We won't go in, Aunt Nancy," said Mr. Wells; "we'll sit right down here, where we can watch your fowls and enjoy the breeze at the same time."

"Well, then, I'll bring the cherries right out," and she fetched from the pantry a platter of the delicious fruit. "There, dear, eat all you want. They won't hurt you. They haven't laid round in the market a week and been sprinkled with stale water to make them look dewy. They are fresh gathered just now."

Mr. Wells, while Nelly was partaking the cherries, gradually led the talk round to the fowls, observing, "My little grand-daughter thought you seemed wonderfully fond of them."

"Well, I am, Squire. You see it's them that *feeds my heart*. You don't understand, dear? Well, I'll tell you," and, not to lose a moment, she stepped aside and brought out a child's stocking and began to knit.

"When father died—that's my husband, dear, but I always called him father after the children came—and my son-in-law took the place, he objected to my spending so much money in papers, and books, and the church and the minister. He's a good man, John, but good people differ in their ways of thinking. He don't believe in papers, and books and churches, as much as I do, and he don't believe in giving ministers anything besides their salary, and I do, unless they have more than we ever paid here. I believe a minister can write better sermons when he knows there's plenty of bread and butter in the pantry, than when he hears his wife scraping the flour-barrel and remembers the butter-pot is empty.

"But I wouldn't have any words with John—I don't believe in families living in anything but peaceful ways. So I only said, 'Well, John, will you give me the keeping of six hens every year?'

"'Why, yes, mother,' said he, 'that's reasonable enough. Pick out your six and feed them all you like. I can stand that, I guess.'

"So I picked out six, two years ago this spring, and I tell you, dear, they've fed my heart a sight.

"One I called my Sunday-school hen. All the eggs she laid till setting-time I sold and spent for the Sunday-school papers; one I kept for myself, and one to give away to chance children who came here, and the others, one or two or three, according as she laid, I gave to the school here. Then in the fall when I sold her chickens, I divided it around; so much for library books, so much for the Christmas-tree, so much to clothe the poor children. My chickens always bring a big price, dear, and she always raises two broods, and some-

times three, and I get a nice little pile of money for them, I tell you, dear.

"Then, another I called my Missionary hen; and another my Sewing Society hen; and another my Church hen; and another my Minister's Study hen. I tell you, dear, she *lays* some nice books and papers on his study table every year. Sometimes he laughs and says, 'Aunt Nancy, your hen is the most thoughtful parishioner I have!'

"And another I call the Minister's Pantry hen. All her eggs and chickens go into his pantry, that is, all but four chickens. Them I sell and buy something for the minister's children's stockings at Christmas. And don't little Annie and Joe enjoy what they find in them?"

"I don't wonder that you take care of your fowls," exclaimed Nelly. "I never before thought there was any religion in a—hen—"

"There isn't, dear, not in the hen itself—but it's the use you make of it. I might take the eggs and chickens and sell them and spend the money in foolishness—something that didn't really do anybody any good—the hen wouldn't be to blame. It's *me* that's the responsible party, dear. But it's the only way I can get money for outside uses, and so I do the best I can with them. There, you must take a basket of cherries home to your grandmother. They make a nice pie."

"Dear me, grandpa," said Nelly, as they resumed their seats, the basket of crimson globes at their feet, "I feel almost as if I'd been to church and heard a sermon."

M O T H E R.

WHEN Love through many lands had journeyed,
It sought expression in a word,
Which, from the lips of dull or learned,
Should be the sweetest ever heard.

Bright things were found on plain and mountain,
And sea-side gems, and beauties rare
Of changing sky and sparkling fountain,
But Love's full meaning was not there.
O, oracle of human passion!
Thou knowest man, and by thy art,
Coin thou a word of power and fashion
To touch the universal heart.

Love thus implored, the answer hastened.
"In earth or sky there is none other—
With joy elate, or sorrow chastened—
So satisfies the heart as Mother."

A WORD FOR PEACE.

A LITTLE kindness, a little forbearance and endurance in forming life and a natural life, will help much to ward off the most fearful of things, "war." We have just read, that in a village in Syria, some years ago, there lived a young man who was the only one in the place that could read the short words in the New Testament.

The village contained twenty-four farmers, and all, with one exception, being of the same tribe, they lived in peace and quietness for nearly a generation; at last Satan caused a quarrel to arise.

It so happened that a young woman was betrothed to a young man against her own will; when the young woman's parents saw the misery of their daughter, and her determination not to have the young man as a husband, they took her part, and paid a sum of money and broke off the engagement that had been made for her.

Although the young man received the money, the tribe divided against each other, loaded their guns, sharpened their swords, and were only waiting the opportunity to commence fighting against each other.

Amongst these was the young man who could read the New Testament. One day, whilst they were waiting to begin the attack, the young man was passing the house of his chief enemy, when suddenly there came into his mind the words of Christ, in St. Matthew, chap. v., verse 9, "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." At once, with meekness and boldness, he called his enemy aside and asked him to meet him privately under a large mulberry tree. The enemy consented; the young man went home, brought his New Testament hidden under his arm, and there, under that tree, they sat face to face; the young man took his New Testament and placed it between them on the ground, and told his enemy that because of those words in his book he had come to make peace with him. His enemy said he was quite willing to make peace, but it was a great undertaking for such a young man to make the older agree

to peace. The young man answered and would try to speak to the older or make them agree. In a few days peace was restored and has continued until this day.

The above is one picture of life the Christian principle. How many such tales, that can be vouched for by the best authority, may be told. But now we turn to another series of pictures, which just as forcibly teach peace by the horrors of war:—

"The first man I ever shot," said an artilleryman, "I saw but twenty seconds. I shot him through the breast. He tossed up his arms, and fell dead. He had a handsome face. I thought he should have loved that man, if I had known him. I tell you what, war is a terrible business!"

"On the bloody field of Shiloh, in the angle of a Virginia snake fence, sat a soldier, stone dead and rigid. His eyes were fixed in a stony stare on a daguerrotype, which was clinched in both hands. On this picture of wife and daughter the eyes of the husband and father gazed even in death."

"After the battle of Gettysburg, a Union soldier was found in a secluded spot on the field, where, wounded, he had laid himself down to die. In his hands, tightly clasped, was an ambrotype containing the portraits of three small children, and upon this picture his eyes, set in death, rested. The last object upon which the dying father looked was the image of his children."

"In a ward of the hospital at St. Louis, I saw a Tennessean, whose cheeks presented the pallor of death. His hand was trying to grasp some object that, in his delirium, was pictured on his imagination. His lips feebly uttered the word 'Catherine.' He motioned to me to put my ear down. 'O my wife—Catherine—my children!' His dying thoughts were of his family."

"It was a military execution. His crime was desertion. The love of home led this boy, twenty years old, to leave his camp. Now, the moment of execution had arrived. He sat upon his coffin. His eyes were bandaged. The word of command was given. He fell over dead. So, away from home, and mother, and sister, the boy was left

...e. The rain poured upon his solitary grave."

...he above are scenes which ought to be deeply into the hearts of us all, to help us to promote peace. "Wisdom is better than weapons of war."

HE COULD BE TRUSTED.

"I CAN trust my little daughter; I know she tells me everything," said the mother, holding up the bright, gentle face, and looking down at it fondly.

"Yes, mamma," was on the little girl's lips, but her eyes dropped suddenly, and her cheeks were crimsoned in a moment. A kiss on the pretty lips, and the mother was turning away.

"Mamma," said the little husky voice, let me whisper in your ear. Mamma, I trust me—I must tell you everything," and her voice was so low that the mother heard it. As she bent over to catch the hurried words, she felt the little heart fluttering under her fingers, she saw the face flush and pale; she knew, too, by the quivering of the lips, the struggle of the moment.

She would have kissed the lips, then, and hushed the heart; she would have stopped the trying story, but she knew that a fault confessed was a fault well conquered, and so waited to the end.

It was a strange, new thoughtlessness the little girl recounted, of a sad step aside from the narrow path of right. She knew better. She had been more than half unhappy on account of it for several days, especially as she could not find the courage to confess it—only the words of trust brought about that confession. Could she say, "Yes, mamma," knowing that at the very moment she was covering a little corner of the heart where she had hidden a fault she wished eyes to see?

The mother, sorry for the child's trial, but glad of her victory for right, was still sad in thinking of the fault. It was such a new, unsuspected fault. Other children might have done the same thing—other children might have been worse—but her own fair-faced child! she could have wept as she stood on in gladness and in sorrow—sorrow at the fault; gladness, that she was

too true to receive praise unworthily, too strong for the right to allow the hardness of the confession to overcome her.

She stooped and folded her in her arms, saying: "Kiss me, Kathrina; your fault would break my heart, but that I believe this hour you have conquered; you have done well—now I know, better than I knew before, that I can trust my little daughter."

THE POCASSET TRAGEDY.

MANY of our readers may have heard of the death of a sweet little girl, Edith Freeman, by her fanatical parents, who madly thought they would please God by the sacrifice of their child. This insane act has caused reflections on the case of Abraham and his son Isaac. Dr. Peabody has put the matter of the readiness of Abraham to sacrifice his son in the following light:—

"Sacrifices in the days of Abraham were as common as gladiatorial shows in the times of the Cæsars. They were the current method of attesting religious faith. It was natural under the circumstances of the time for Abraham to make use of what to him was an 'historic order.' The only specialty in the case was, not that of instigating, *but of arresting* the sacrifice. Whatever criticism may think of the act of seeming to enjoin the sacrifice, it cannot destroy the real divinity of all in the case that is original and peculiar. The end was gained. The faith of Abraham was evinced, and the act of sacrifice *was prevented*. We are not arguing that the case is a clear one. We are not disputing that of the many difficulties which a rational acceptance of the Scriptures must dispose of, this is one. Our solitary claim is that the mole-hill should not be magnified into a mountain, and that it ought in simple justice to be remembered, that the element of horror in the Pocasset sacrifice, is just the element that does *not* appear in the case of Abraham and Isaac."

If you intend and seek nothing else but the will of God and the good of thy neighbour, thou shalt thoroughly enjoy inward liberty.

TIDY ANTS.

THE agricultural ant of America, writes the Rev. H. C. M'Cook, in the "Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia," is one of the neatest and tidiest of creatures in her personal habits. Out of the numbers he had imprisoned for observation he never saw one remain long in an untidy state. When, after some very active work in digging, little particles of earth would adhere to their bodies, these were at once most carefully removed. The whole body, too, is most thoroughly and frequently cleansed, a duty which is habitually attended to after eating and after sleep. In this duty these ants now and then assist one another, and when a general "washing up" is in progress it is an exceedingly interesting sight. The ant to whom the friendly office is being administered (the cleansed she may be called) is leaning over upon one side as we begin the observation. The cleanser (as the other party may be called) is in the act of lifting the fore leg, which is the first which is licked, the cleanser's mouth passing steadily from it up to the body, then over the neck, then the head, the little jaws (mandibles) being at this stage held apart for the more convenient manipulation; from the face the operation passes to the body, along one side, each leg being attended to in succession; then to the other side and the other set of legs. All this while the creature being cleansed is evincing the most intense satisfaction, and in this resembles a family dog when one is scratching the back of his neck; she rolls gently over on her side, sometimes quite over on her back, and presents altogether a picture of ease. The pleasure which these creatures take in being thus "combed" and "sponged" is really enjoyable to the observer. Several times an ant, wanting to be cleaned, was seen to approach a comrade, kneel down before it, and, thrusting forward its head, then drop down and lie there motionless, expressing, as plainly as sign language could, her desire to be attended to. The ants when engaged in cleansing their own bodies have various modes of operating. The fore legs are drawn

between the mandibles, and also apparently through the lips, and then are passed alternately to the back of the head and over and down the forehead and face by a motion which closely resembles that of a cat when cleansing with her paw the corresponding part of her head. The strokes are always made downwards, following thus the direction of the hair. Nothing can surpass the grotesque attitude which the ants assume when cleansing their bodies. The hind legs are thrown backwards and well extended, the middle pair stand nearly straight out, so that the body assumes almost an erect position; the tail is then turned under the body and upwards towards the head, which is at the same time bent over and downward. The body thus forms a letter C. The fore feet now begin the operation, during which they are constantly put into the mouth, from which moisture is conveyed, thus giving a glossy appearance to the body. It is possible that these ants do not devote so much time to their toilets when in a state of nature; it is probable that, as with men, an artificial condition of society gives an inducement to a somewhat larger devotion to their personal appearance.

A MOTHER'S PHOTOGRAPH.

My mother's face! My mother's face!
Not as I last beheld it, when the grave
Was ready to receive its charge;
Nor yet as it appeared, when last I kissed
The dying lips—so often pressed to mine—
And wept, to see the wasted features,
Worn with pain and weariness.
But 'tis the earnest look my memory loves
To treasure, the same unchanging earnest
look
She wore for many anxious years.
Her smile recalls my childhood's timid
days,
When she was all the light and life of
home;
To her I loved to breathe my childish joys
In simple words that failed to tell the half
Of that I wanted to express.
But she could read my eager glowing face,
And tell, far better than I could myself
The joy my spirit felt.
And when my soul was full of fear or
grief,
That smile would quiet my foolish throbbing
heart;
She was the first to soothe and counsel
me—

first to wipe away the falling tear,
 danger or alarm I thought of none,
 none to none before her.

Will remember many years ago,
 time had dimmed the lustre of those
 eyes

bloughed so many furrows on her brow,
 when every Sabbath eve we sat at home
 I sang together songs divine.

I sang favourite hymns and tunes she wedded
 then,

I to my spirit lend a sacred charm ;

I love of poetry and song she then

inspired, still lives to bless me ;

When the mother and her infant choir
 in humble unison were blest.

And the time, when each returning
 at night,

before we closed our weary eyes in sleep,
 she drew us each around her knee, and
 taught

our roving hearts to pray.

And oh, when came the fitful days of
 youth,

when wild ambition burns within the
 breast,

when reckless wills rebel against restraint
 and yearn for freedom,) how she loved !

She made us love her so, that for her sake,
 we shunned the word or action that would
 grieve ;

And, through love, our consciences be-
 came

our safeguard in a world of sin.

Our pleasures and our troubles, too, were
 hers ;

Our trials of our school-days well she
 knew :

And when exulting in a coming treat
 she bore the tidings home ; she, too, was
 glad.

When competing for an offered prize,
 she speculated till we thought it ours ;
 she fain would be as sanguine.

And if in breathless haste we hurried
 home,

Wished with success, she wished-for prize
 in hand !

Our heart would beat as rapidly as ours,
 and she would supplement our ecstasy
 by calling friends and playmates in,

to spend the evening with us in rejoicing.

But if we lingered on the way from school,
 she knew full well what tidings to expect ;

And when with tearful eyes and broken
 heart,

she said the competition was so great
 and we were unsuccessful, she would feel

the disappointment keener than ourselves,
 and weep for our grief and her own.

She had no friend like her when we were
 sick,

for there was something mystic in her
 touch ;

No hand-like hers could cool the fevered
 lips,

Or smooth the pillow for the sickly one.

If she was missed whenever we returned
 From school in childhood, or from work in
 youth ;

The home seemed desolate until we found
 An answer to the ready cry—

“ Where’s mother ? ”

It was her wish, ’twas ever in her prayers,
 To live to see her sons and daughters
 grown ;

To see them fairly launched on life’s wide
 stream ;

And it was granted : and she went to rest

Believing that she laboured not in vain

For those who mourned around her.

Her life was so devoted to us all,

That we were all her daily thought and
 care ;

And though she’s gone, her influence yet
 remains

For time to ripen, till we meet again

Where tears and partings are unknown.

My mother’s face ! My mother’s face !

The light of childhood, guide and stay of
 youth ;

Adored by all the household for its love

And constancy, to everyone alike :

No home was where her loving face was
 not ;

No joy was where her countenance was
 sad ;

But home and joy, and social life and light
 Were centred in her smile, her voice, her
 love.

Chelmsford.

J. SHEPHERD.

MARRIED.—A contemporary says the
 following couples were “ proclaimed ” in
 matrimony last year in Scotland :—

Thomas Black and Mary White,
 Peter Day and Ellen Knight,
 Solomon Bank and Catherine Vale,
 James Hill and Susan Dale,
 Isaac Slater and Jane Thatcher,
 John Baker and Mary Butcher,
 Stephen Head and Nancy Heart,
 William Stately and Jessie Smart,
 Joseph Reed and Julia Hay,
 Thomas Spring and Mary May,
 Joseph Brown and Kitty Green,
 John Robins and Jenny Wren,
 William Castle and Nancy Hall,
 Peter Chatter and Fanny Call,
 Joseph Mann and Eliza Child,
 James Merry and Lucy Wild,
 Thoman Bruin and Mary Bear,
 James Fox and Catherine Hare,
 Andrew Clay and Lucy Stone,
 Michael Blood and Lizzie Bone,
 John Cloak and Julia Hood,
 Edward Cole and Nancy Wood,
 James Broom and Ellen Birch,
 Charles Chapel and Susan Church.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

THE GREAT MASTER.—"I am my own master!" cried a young man, proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand: "I am my own master!" "Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked a friend. "Responsible—is it?"

A SNUFFER.—A young minister was preaching in Seabrook from "I am the light of the world," and made poor work of it, stammering and stuttering, and almost stopping, when an indignant, masculine woman, shouted out, "If you are the light of the world, you need snuffing."

NOVEL PHRASES.—The following sublime paragraph is from one of the latest fashionable novels: "With one hand he held her beautiful head above the chilling waves, and with the other called loudly for assistance." This is doubtless by the author who wrote the eloquent description of a maiden who played the rôle of injured innocence: "She rested one eye in liquid tenderness on her faithful lover while she rolled the other indignantly on her base accuser."

LOVE YOUR MOTHER.—Next to the love of her husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honour as this second love, the devotion of the son to her. And I never yet knew a boy to "turn out" badly who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant to the girl may cruelly neglect the poor and weary wife. But the big boy who is a lover of his mother at a middle age is a true knight, who will love his wife as much in the sere-leaf autumn as he did in the daisied spring. There is nothing so beautifully chivalrous as the love of a big boy for his mother.

NOT BECOMING.—The custom common among certain young ladies of seeking the attentions of young gentlemen calls out the following criticism from a writer:—"Few men respect girls who are ready to be wooed. "My son," said a lady to me, not long since, "is much prejudiced against a young girl whom I admired because she is constantly sending him notes, inviting him to be her escort here and there, and planning to have him with her." A modest, dignified reserve, which is neither prudery nor affectation, should distinguish your manner to gentlemen. Too great familiarity and too evident pleasure in the society of young men, are errors into which no delicate and pure-minded girl should fall, if she desires to retain the respect of the opposite sex.

THE BISHOP AND THE LADDER.—The bishop was addressing a Sunday-school and related to the children the story of Jacob's dream of the ladder into heaven. Closing his remarks, he invited them to ask any questions they had in mind. After a few seconds' pause, a little girl in a piping voice inquired, "if the angel had wings, what did they want a ladder for to climb into heaven?" This was a puzzler for the bishop. He cleared his throat several times, grew red in the face and hesitated; but at last a bright thought struck him. Turning towards the school he said: "As one little child has asked this question, perhaps some other little child can answer it. Now can any one tell me why the angels wanted the ladder?" Back came the answer from a remote corner of the room: "Because they was moulting, sir!" The good bishop sat down.

TO WHAT KINGDOM.—The Emperor of Germany while visiting a village in his land was welcomed by the school-children of the place. After their speaker had made a speech for them, he thanked them. Then taking an orange from a plate he asked: "And to what kingdom does this belong?" "The vegetable kingdom, sire," replied a little girl. The emperor took a gold coin from his pocket, and holding it up, asked: "And to what kingdom does this belong?" "To the mineral kingdom," said the girl. "And to what kingdom do I belong, then?" asked the emperor. The little girl coloured deeply, for she did not like to say "the animal kingdom," as she thought his Majesty would be offended. Just then it flashed into her mind that "God made man in His own image," and looking up with a brightening eye, she said: "To God's kingdom, sire." The emperor was deeply moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hand on the child's head, and said, most devoutly "God grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

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